1. *K.* Leade couragiour Coſin.

1. 2. *K.* Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noiſe within crying, run, ſave hold: Enter in haſt a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haſte.

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a curſed haſt you made
If you have done ſo quickly: noble *Palamon*,
The gods will ſhew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade.
Pal. Can that be,
When *Venus* I have ſaid is falſe? How doe things fare?
Pir. Ariſe great Sir, and give the tydings eare
That are moſt early ſweet, and bitter.
Pal. What
Hath wakt us from our dreame?
Pir. Liſt then: your Coſen
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did firſt beſtow on him, a blacke one, owing
Not a hayre worth of white, which ſome will ſay
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodneſſe with this note: Which ſuperſtition
Heere findes allowance: On this horſe is *Arcite*
Trotting the ſtones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*
Did rather tell, then trample; for the horſe
Would make his length a mile, if't pleaſ'd his Rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Muſicke
His owne hoofes made; (for as they ſay from iron
Came Muſickes origen) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him poſſeſt
With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke
Or what feirce ſulphur elſe, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horſe, hot as fire
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what diſorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets ſchoole dooing, being therein traind,
And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At the ſharpe Rowell, which he freats at
Then any jot obaies; ſeekes all foule m
Of boyſtrous and rough Iadrie, to diſ-ſea
His Lord, that kept it bravely: when no
When neither Curb would cracke, girth
Diſ-roote his Rider whence he grew, bu
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hi
on en
That *Arcites* leggs being higher then h
Seem'd with ſtrange art to hang: His vi
Even then fell off his head: and preſentl
Backeward the Iade comes ore, and his
Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he livi
But ſuch a veſſell tis, that floates but for
The ſurge that next approaches: he muc
To have ſome ſpeech with you: Loe he
Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia,
Pal. O miſerable end of our alliance
The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy hear
Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbro
Give me thy laſt words, I am *Palamon*
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take *Emilia*
And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach
Farewell: I have told my laſt houre; I
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Coſ
One kiſſe from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:
Take her: I die.
Pal. Thy brave ſoule ſeeke *Elizium*
Emil. Ile cloſe thine eyes Prince: bl
Thou art a right good man, and while I l
This day I give to teares.
Pal. And I to honour.
Theſ. In this place firſt you fought:
I ſundred you, acknowledge to the gods
Our thankes that you are living:
His part is play'd, and though it were too
He did it well: your day is lengthned, a

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